

Itna Guroor Chand Ko Bhi Nahi

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Summary: Baddi Maa knew Paro and Devdas belonged together. Despite what she said, Sumitra believed it to. Paro and Devdas knew they couldn't live without each other. So it was up to them to make their dreams come true.

Itna Guroor Chand Ko Bhi Nahi

\*\*A/N: I know a lot of people like Devdas/Chandramukhi, but I just can't get over Devdas/Paro. I just like those character together much better, they are just OTP! Anyway, review and Pm me if there's any films that you wanna see me write about. :)\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Movie: Devdas<em>

\_Time Period: Post Scene Where Devdas' parents catch Paro, but he doesn't leave\_

\* \* \*

><p>Devdas lay in bed, his eyes wide open. He couldn't believe what had happened that night.<p>

The audacity of his sister-in-law. How dare she plant that seed in his mother.

Devdas knew his \_dadi\_ still believed in his and Paro's love. He still believed in his and Paro's love.

He simply had to make his parents believe in Paro's sincerity. He had to make his mother see how he couldn't live without her. How he would fall into a deep dark pit.

Only he knew how he had lived out those 10 years without her.

How he had spent ten years, reading the same letters over and over again.

How he had thought of her in every passing second.

How his memories of their time together, in the trees.

How he had stolen her anklets, just because they made too much noise.

His mind shifted to events of after she had returned.

Paro's beauty, her laugh, her smile.

The way she teased him, but shared his sentiments of love of her own deep volition.

Their sneaking around, glancing through binoculars.

Their running, chasing.

The jitters that ran through him when she touched.

Then the fear when she showed up to talk to him.

Risking her respect, her future, her life.

Her everything.

All for him.

Because they were each other's everything.

\* \* \*

><p>Devdas leapt out of bed, running down the stairs. His eyes were wandering searching for his Paro. He needed to get to her, this he knew.<p>

He burst into his mother's room, where his mother was still awake. "Maa, I can't do this. I need Paro, Ma. She completes me. Without her I am nothing, and I will always be nothing. And I am prepared to leave, with her, if you do not agree. Paro is my other half; she has always been. And you have always known this. You had accepted this fact for years before today, why are you suddenly against this? Because of what Kumud Bhabhi said?"

His grandmother walked in behind him. "All Kumud bitiya wants in riches. She's stolen the key to our vault. In case, you didn't know."

Devdas breathed out a sigh of relief. He knew he could trust in his grandmother, because out of everyone in the house, she knew him best. She loved him best. And she wanted to see him happy most.

Dadi continued. "If you are going to listen to those girl's words, then I made the wrong choice with you as my daughter-in-law. How can you say that Paro is digging for riches, when you already have a daughter-in-law who is digging for riches? I've seen the love in Paro's eyes. Love that cannot be faked, cannot be acted. A love that

has consumed Devdas and Paro since their births. You may not have noticed."

She walked closer to Devdas placing her hands on his shoulders. "But I've seen every yearning glance, just as Parvati's mother has."

Sumitra looked pained. "Even if you've changed my mind, nothing can be done about the ill feelings that Parvati's mother undoubtedly has for us. And that's not even counting what my husband has decided."

His dadi grinned. "He's my child. And he still hasn't stopped listening to me. Even now. But Chhoti Maa, you need to hurry. Sumitra is already pricked, wait any longer, and she will be thorned."

\* \* \*

><p>Devdas' mother stood up, drying her tears.<p>

Contrary to current popular belief, she understood her sons love. She knew that her son would go to the ends of the Earth for Paro, and die without her.

But she couldn't shake the pricking that had come when Devdas visited Paro, before her, placing his love over his mother.

She also knew that this pricking was her pride and her ego. So she decided to be a better person. She decided to apologize.

\* \* \*

><p>Sumitra refused to believe what was happening. Devdas was standing at her doorstep, on his knees, his mother behind him, a begging, yet pained look on his face.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Paro sensed her Devdas, standing at the doorstep because her lamp flickered. Ever so slightly, but she noticed.<p>

She ran down the stairs, her palu flying behind her. She made it to where she stood right behind her mother, watching her Devdas look up at her.

As their mothers talked, Devdas looked at her, pointing to her bracelet, then smiled, his dimples showing.

Paro couldn't help it and smiled back.

Her Devdas had fixed it all.

\* \* \*

><p>Devdas's father walked up behind Devdas's mother, finally ducking his head in the way of Devdas's love. In the way of his son's happiness. Because happiness is fleeting.<p>

And he realized, he had worked his whole life to give Devdas and his older brother everything.

So that's what he was doing.

\* \* \*

><p>Once the elders' conversation about them was over, Devdas sprung up, running toward Paro. She quickly took the bracelet off, holding it out to him, but making sure to close the clasp.<p>

He took the bracelet, and the two walked out into the yard.

\* \* \*

><p>Once away from prying eyes, Devdas held Paro closer, pulling his hand to her.<p>

He stepped down on one knee and attempted to slide the bracelet onto her hand.

But it wouldn't go.

Devdas gave a little sound of frustration, the irritation evident in his voice.

After all that had happened that night, this bracelet still wouldn't cooperate.

Devdas grimaced.

Paro did not have a large hand, nor was this bracelet alarmingly miniscule. It was decently sized.

Paro gave a little giggle, and clicked the clasp on the bracelet.

It fell open with a clack, and Devdas put his hand to his forehead, silently laughing.

He fastened the bracelet around her wrist, kissing the bracelet and then her wrist as he stood up.

He pulled her into his arms, holding her tighter than ever before.

Breathing in the scent of her hair.

Listening to the sound of her breaths.

Visualizing the vibrance in her eyes.

Experiencing her flawless existence.

As he would for the rest of their lives.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: What'd you think? Even if you don't ship Devdas-Paro, maybe I turned your minds? :P Review, I wanna hear what you write. And be sure to check out my profile for media accounts, and other fanfictions. I write a lot.:)\*\*</strong></p>

End  
file.